

A Formal Affair

By: pictureswithboxes

An arranged marriage au because I am trash

Status: complete

Published: 2014-08-15

Updated: 2014-09-08

Words: 15637

Chapters: 2

Original source: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/2143566>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

A Formal Affair

[Introduction](#)

[Part 1](#)

[Part 2](#)

Part 1

Chapter 1: Part 1

The idea of love at first sight was a puzzling and impossible notion to one Jakuzure Nonon. The thought that in one single look, a person can know that someone else was the one. Even at a young age, Nonon thought it was stupid and incredibly unrealistic. Especially when she was introduced to the person she was meant to marry.

At the age of five, Nonon's parents had decided it was important that she attend a dinner party where she would meet her intended. She was dressed in a frilly dress with puffy sleeves that brushed her cheeks uncomfortably before being all but thrown into the back of the family limousine. Her parents sat with her, speaking to each other in hushed tones and glancing over at their daughter periodically.

The Kiryuin home was an imposing white mansion with pale blue accents that sat on the top of a hill, overlooking the small city that lay below. Ivy crawled up the exterior walls in a controlled way that showed that the occupants wanted their home to look tastefully aged. Nonon had always known that she was small for her age, but the Kiryuin mansion was large enough to make her feel even smaller.

She was led into the home by a middle aged butler, who had a kind smile, something that Nonon had honestly never seen much of. They were greeted in the main hall by a tall, statuesque woman with silver hair and sharp features. She shook hands with Nonon's parents, and greeted them all kindly as she showed them to the garden where the party was to be held.

There were many others there, though none of the older people had children with them, leaving Nonon alone amongst a sea of adults. She sat down at a round, white table and looked around at the other people. She watched as old people talked to older people about

things of little to no consequence just to keep themselves from falling into an awkward silence.

“Nonon.” Her mother’s voice called, causing Nonon to stop watching the people around her. “I’d like you to meet someone.”

Nonon looked at the girl standing beside Mrs. Kiryuin and her mother. She was around Nonon’s age, with dark hair that reached just below her shoulders. Her deep blue eyes, that reminded Nonon of the ocean, were wide and nervous as she appraised Nonon and her skin, which was tinted slightly pink in the cheeks from either embarrassment or shyness, was pale, almost matching the mansion’s color scheme. Neither of them spoke, choosing instead to stare at each other until Mrs. Kiryuin said something.

“Nonon, this is my daughter, Satsuki.” She gently nudged the girl forward, causing her to stumble slightly. “Satsuki.” She looked at her daughter, an encouraging smile forming when she looked her daughter in the eye. “Introduce yourself to Miss Jakuzure, please.”

Satsuki nodded and took in a breath before taking two steps forward. “G-good afternoon, M-M-Miss Jakuzure.” She said, her voice only wavering slightly as she spoke. “It’s a ple-pleas-... It’s nice to make your acquaintance.”

Nonon’s brow furrowed as she looked at her mother, who had her eyebrows raised threateningly, before looking back at Satsuki and smiling. “It’s a pleasure.” She said, keeping her tone sweet as she allowed Satsuki to take her hand and shake it. “You may call me Nonon.”

“It’s good to meet you, Nonon.” Satsuki nodded, stepping back beside her mother and looking up at the woman. “Can I go now, Mother?”

“You can either stay here, and entertain Miss Jakuzure,” Mrs. Kiryuin said calmly, her tone going from pleasant to slightly threatening. “Or you can keep your sister company.”

Satsuki's brow furrowed as she thought over her options before taking a few steps forward. "It'd be an... honor to spend the afternoon with you." She said, her tone saying otherwise.

"I'd like that." Nonon hoped Satsuki knew that the smile she was offering was fake.

Satsuki turned to her mother. "Would it be alright if we left the garden?" She pleaded. "I would hate to get our clothes dirty."

Mrs. Kiryuin's lips quirked up into a smirk before she nodded, gently running her fingers through Satsuki's hair before she gestured for Satsuki to lead Nonon into the mansion. "Have fun, dearest."

Satsuki smiled brightly and started to walk off toward the home, turning to make sure Nonon was following her.

Their footsteps echoed as they walked through the empty halls of the mansion. Portraits of people, who were no doubt already dead, hung from the walls, their eyes seemed to be staring at the two girls as passed each painting. Satsuki seemed unfazed by the almost prying eyes of the portraits, her head remained held high as she led Nonon down the hall and stopped when she reached the end.

"I-I don't normally... entertain guests." Satsuki said, her voice still wavering slightly. "But... this is my bedroom."

Satsuki pushed the large door open and allowed Nonon in. It wasn't unlike her room at home, aside from the large windows that overlooked the garden and the lack of instruments. The walls were painted the palest of blues and the bed was a pristine white like the rest of the house. Everything seemed to have its own place, though Nonon wasn't sure if it was because of the maids or on Satsuki's own accord.

"It's nice." Nonon remarked, looking around.

“Thank you.” Satsuki shifted her weight awkwardly before sitting on her bed. “I’m sorry about my behavior by the way, it’s just...” She took in a shaky breath. “I’m nervous about making a good impression on you.”

“Why?” Nonon asked.

Satsuki’s eyes widened slightly, but she didn’t say anything.

“Why?” Nonon repeated.

“I thought you’d have known... my parents had told me.”

The news that her parents had thought it was a good idea to try to set her up with the stuttering mess that was Kiryuin Satsuki was laughable at best. Of course the Kiryuin family was well off, but Satsuki didn’t act at all like the heiress to one of the most prominent families in the country. She acted like a terrified puppy with the way she stumbled over her words, Nonon was almost completely sure that the person she wanted to marry didn’t act as if she’d bite their head off.

She spent the next ten years in a battle of wills with her parents to avoid even thinking about her upcoming nuptials with the Kiryuin heiress, instead pretending that she was too sick to attend any events held at the Kiryuin mansion, and locking herself up in her bedroom when her parents hosted anything. It wasn’t the ideal situation, but the deal was set and her parents didn’t seem to mind that their daughter hated her fiancée.

At fifteen, Nonon was forced into the limousine, apparently there was to be a dinner to iron out a few wedding details and Nonon was required to go. She glowered at her parents the whole ride, they paid her no attention, though, choosing instead to talk about something completely unrelated and boring. Nonon glared out the window and rested her head against the cool glass as they approached the large manor.

It was just as grand as Nonon had remembered, though in the orange and pink glow of the sunset, it seemed even more pristine as the limousine pulled up to the front door. The doors were opened immediately when the limousine stopped. Two figures were standing in the main hall, waiting to greet the family and making Nonon furrow her brow.

They stood side by side, Ragyo Kiryuin and, from what Nonon could guess, Satsuki. In the decade since they'd seen each other, the only thing that had changed about Ragyo was her outfit and hair style, she had retained her youthful look in the way that celebrities and models only wished they could manage. Satsuki, on the other hand, looked completely different. It was to be expected, but Nonon still could hardly contain her surprise as she entered the home.

Satsuki was almost as tall as her mother now, her dark hair fell to just above her shoulders, and now angular face bore more resemblance to her mother than Nonon believed genetically possible. Her once soft, blue eyes were hardened, no longer reminding Nonon of the ocean. She was dressed in a white suit, complete with a pale blue cravat that was tied under her black vest. She raised a dark brow and glanced from Nonon to her mother before stepping forward, offering her hand to Nonon.

"It's a pleasure to see you again, Miss Jakuzure." It was the first sentence Nonon had ever heard Satsuki speak without stuttering, she took Nonon hand and brought it to her lips, eyes never leaving Nonon's.

"Likewise." Nonon replied, feeling her cheeks turn slightly pink. "You've definitely changed."

Satsuki let out a dry chuckle and released Nonon's hand. "It has been a decade, Miss Jakuzure. You've changed, too."

The adults all laughed lightly at the remark and Ragyo announced that dinner would be served soon.

“Would you like to sit beside me?” Satsuki asked, leading Nonon into the grand dining room with the others.

Two other people were already seated, Nonon recognized the man sitting near the head of the table as Soichiro Kiryuin, Ragyo’s husband. He wore a similar suit to his daughter and stood when the others entered, a small smile on his face as he gestured for them to sit. The girl was obviously younger than Satsuki, by around a year.

She was obviously Satsuki’s younger sister, but she didn’t bear the same resemblance to her mother that Satsuki did. Her hair was shorter and messier than her sister’s, and even when she was sitting, it was obvious that she was shorter than Satsuki. Her eyes were lighter and brighter than Satsuki’s, lacking the coldness that her sister had.

Satsuki sat across from her father, Nonon sat by her side. “This is my sister, Ryuko.” Satsuki said, gesturing to her sister.

“Hi.” Ryuko offered a half wave and an insincere smile. Nonon knew that most of the smiles she had received in her life lacked sincerity, but it was as if Ryuko didn’t seem to care about the social convention. Nonon was both mildly irritated and impressed by the display.

“It’s nice to meet you, Ryuko.” Nonon replied, not bothering to smile at Ryuko.

The younger girl raised her eyebrows and chuckled to herself, straightening her black, wrinkled dress shirt and adjusting the red bowtie she wore, only making it more crooked in than it originally had been.

“It’s nice to see you again, Nonon.” Soichiro said, kissing his wife’s hand as she sat at the head of the table. “You look divine, my dear.”

Ragyo smiled but said nothing as the wait staff entered and laid out everyone’s first course.

The dinner was pleasant, the conversations were superficial at best, the fathers talked about boats, the mothers about their daughters, and Ryuko added inappropriate remarks to most everyone's conversations. Satsuki didn't say much, only speaking when she was addressed first, but never starting any conversations.

After dinner, the parents retired to one of the many rooms in the house for drinks and to talk about marriage affairs. Nonon's cheeks turned bright pink at the mention of the wedding, something Satsuki either didn't notice, or if she did, she didn't say anything. Ryuko, on the other hand, had noticed and smirked a little as they walked down the halls.

"The perks of being the second child." She murmured, falling in step with Nonon as Satsuki led them onto a balcony. "I'm not valuable enough to be married off."

Nonon chuckled dryly and sat in one of the chairs.

"No one would want to inherit you even if you were valuable." Satsuki said, shoving her sister gently. "I've seen gorillas with more grace than you."

"Oh shut up." Ryuko grunted, unable to hide the smile that started to form.

Satsuki's smile remained intact as she sat in the chair beside Nonon. "I feel as though I should apologize for our first meeting." She said, grimacing as she recalled a distant memory. "It was not becoming of me to speak to you so informally. In the future I will try harder to treat you in a manner deserving of a lady such as yourself."

Nonon sat frozen for a minute, this was the most Satsuki had spoken all evening. She looked into those cold, blue eyes, only to see that they were awash with sincerity. It was almost impossible to break her hypnotic gaze, but the sound of Ryuko clearing her throat, causing her to jump up and look at the younger girl, who wore a knowing smirk on her face.

"I accept your apology." Nonon said, feeling her face turn slightly pink.

"Are you warm?" Satsuki asked, noticing the blush on Nonon's cheeks. "We can go back inside if you'd like."

"No, it's fine." Nonon replied, shaking her head. "I'm fine."

"Would you be inclined to join Ryuko and me in a game of tennis tomorrow?" Satsuki asked after a moment. "Ryuko will be bringing one of her friends, so I thought we could play doubles if you'd like."

"That'd be lovely." Nonon said, offering the taller girl a small smile.

"Would noon be alright? We can have a late lunch after and get to know each other better."

"Noon would be fine."

"Then I'll make arrangements." Satsuki offered a small smile and a nod. She turned to one of the butlers that had followed them to the balcony. "Soroi, please arrange for a car to fetch Miss Jakuzure at eleven tomorrow." Her voice remained polite, though there were still undertones of unquestionable authority in her request.

"It should be fun." Ryuko said, her grin was wide and sincere. There was a glint in her eye, her excitement was almost palpable. "Don't you think?"

"I'm sure it will be." Nonon replied, not breaking eye contact.

They engaged in a staring contest of sorts. There was no reason for this, in fact, the longer Nonon stared, the sillier she felt, but she couldn't look away. She felt Satsuki's gaze on her back, almost willing her to look away, to end the contest. It didn't happen. In fact, the only reason either of them looked away was because Soroi had returned with news that the arrangements for the car had been made.

“Thank you, Soroi.” Satsuki said, her polite smile returning as she spoke to him. “That will be all.”

Soroi nodded, bowed slightly, and left.

“Our parents seem to have finished with their meeting.” Satsuki said after a moment of silence, gesturing to the small figures in the grounds. “They seem to have reached a consensus rather quickly.” She continued, her gaze never leaving the figures as they shook hands. “Ryuko, would you show her down the stairs? I have matters to attend to.”

“Since you were so polite about it.” Ryuko nodded, rolling her eyes as she opened the door for Nonon.

They walked in silence through the halls, their footsteps the only indication that anyone was in them. Nonon was finally able to get a good look at Ryuko. Her features were softer than her mother’s and sister’s. She took after her father in that way. Her shoulders hunched forward as she walked, though periodically, Nonon would see her straighten up out of reflex.

Her parents were waiting for her, and the Kiryuins were surprised to see that Ryuko had escorted Nonon outside. Satsuki still stood on the balcony, watching as Nonon left with her parents. It was almost eerie the way Satsuki looked down upon them.

Tennis, it seemed, was more of a spectator sport when played with Satsuki and Ryuko. The two played with the type of intensity and skill that could rival the professional players. Ryuko’s friend that she had brought, a short girl with short brown hair and matching eyes, had assumed her role as courtside cheerleader. She cheered for her friend with great enthusiasm every time Ryuko’s racket made contact with the ball.

Satsuki, on the other hand, had actually tried to make an effort to include Nonon in the activity. Though, her competitive nature

seemed to rear its ugly head when she was confronted with Ryuko. Nonon had gotten to hit the ball three times before Satsuki had all but commandeered the court.

The ball was nearly invisible with the speed that it was hit at, making Nonon question how the other two managed to see it. The game would eventually end in a stalemate an hour later. Both girls were panting and glaring at each other, though the mirth in both of their eyes was unmistakable. They weren't angry with each other, in fact it was quite the opposite.

There was an aura of pride surrounding Satsuki as she congratulated Ryuko on a job well done. Her face glowed with happiness under the light sheen of sweat that coated her body, which caused her white, cotton shirt to cling to her body, showing off the toned muscles in her abdomen and arms. Nonon licked her lips unconsciously.

"You did great, Ryuko!" Mankanshoku Mako exclaimed after the sisters had finished their handshake. She ran over to her friend, engulfing the girl in a tight hug.

Satsuki took a drink from her water bottle and trotted over to Nonon, wiping the sweat from her brow and offering an apologetic nod toward her fiancée. "I may have let the game get the better of me." She said, a frown forming as she looked back at the court. "I don't know what came over me, but I can assure you, this isn't something that happens often."

"You were enjoying yourself." Nonon replied, her eyes trailing down to look at Satsuki's toned muscles again. "You don't have to apologize for your happiness."

Satsuki froze for a moment, her jaw slightly slack as those cold eyes surveyed Nonon. "Forgive me for saying this, but you are a strange person, Miss Jakuzure."

“As are you, Miss Kiryuin.” Nonon said, watching as a smile formed on Satsuki’s face.

It wasn’t one of the insincere smiles that Nonon had grown accustomed to, but instead it was true. Small and kind, her eyes seemed to soften slightly. Satsuki nodded and chuckled, turning to look at Ryuko and Mako, who had started their own conversation on the other end of the courts.

“Miss Mankanshoku is the daughter of a well-known physician.” She explained, taking a towel and wiping her face and neck with it. “She is betrothed to a friend of mine, but I’m under the impression that she loves my sister a tad more than she does her fiancé.” Satsuki frowned now. “It’s rather sad, isn’t it? Ira, her intended, is a great person. It’s a... difficult situation.”

“It certainly is.” Nonon said with a nod. “Is Ryuko...?”

“Engaged?” Satsuki raised a brow, taking another drink from her bottle. “No. She was born second. It’s rather upsetting, actually. To think that if I had been born a year later, I’d still have all the wealth and power in the world, but I’d have the power to choose who I marry.” Satsuki paused, her eyes widening at what she had just said. “That isn’t to say that I’m unhappy with the current situation, it’s just-“

“I understand.” Nonon put a hand on Satsuki’s arm.

Satsuki nodded. “Ryuko has no clue about Miss Mankanshoku’s engagement. Which isn’t to say that Miss Mankanshoku is keeping this from her. It merely isn’t a new development, something that’s never come up in daily conversation. None of us really broadcast our engagements, do we?”

Nonon shook her head.

“I sometimes wish that I could tell her, but it’s none of my business.” Satsuki sighed. “It’s not my place.”

Nonon looked over to the girls, Mako was draped over Ryuko. Their faces were close as they spoke, their faces were full of joy. Nonon had heard that ignorance was bliss, but until now, she'd never believed it to be true.

"It's not fair." She found herself saying, watching the girls.

"Life isn't fair."

Nonon saw Satsuki every weekend for two years. They would have dinner on Saturday nights, lunch or tea on Sunday afternoons, when they felt particularly adventurous, they visited the small city that the Kiryuin manor overlooked. No matter what they did, Kiryuin Satsuki would be at her side, their arms would be linked together as they walked through the halls or the city streets.

What would be considered a mundane night, would turn nearly magical with the company of Satsuki. The strange softness of her voice when she spoke, the way she looked at Nonon, her hard eyes melting back into the ocean that Nonon remembered. Nonon found herself falling for her more and more with each meeting.

It was on Satsuki's eighteenth birthday, near the end of the third summer that they had spent together, that their engagement would be announced to the papers. The Kiryuin family had decided to throw a large party in honor of their daughter coming of age. All the important people would be there, or so Nonon's parents had told her. This, however, did not appeal to Nonon in the least.

All the lights were on in the Kiryuin Manor, making the nearly pure, white palace look as though it were glowing against the night sky. A seemingly endless stream of cars filed into the Kiryuin's drive, only for a sea of people to spill through their doors. Nonon sighed as she and her parents were escorted into the side door, away from the sea of people. Though grateful that she wouldn't have to be nearly trampled in order to see her fiancée, Nonon found herself wondering to what she owed the dubious pleasure.

“I’m glad you came.” Satsuki stood in the center of the hall, wearing another fine suit.

She looked irritated, though her voice remained pleasant. With a nod of her head toward Nonon’s parents, Satsuki took three steps forward and took Nonon’s hand in her own. Satsuki kissed Nonon’s hand, before straightening up and leaning in, her lips mere inches away from Nonon’s ear.

“We have a very tight schedule for tonight.” She murmured, the warmth of her breath causing Nonon to shudder. “My mother contacted all the newspapers and left an anonymous tip that we would be throwing a party. The press will be swarming us.” Satsuki explained that she and Nonon were to act in love for the cameras. “But no matter what, we can’t be late at nine forty-nine tonight. We’ll share our first kiss on the balcony because at ten, there will be fireworks. Think of the headlines.”

The smirk Satsuki wore when she pulled away spoke volumes. “It was my mother’s idea.” She said in a normal tone.

“Your mother is a genius.”

“I think so.”

Satsuki linked their arms and led Nonon through a few halls and into the grand ballroom. The cheers from the guests roared loudly in Nonon’s ears as they entered. Ragyo and Soichiro stood off to the side, just noticeable to be caught on film by the many reporters who had attended the party. Satsuki had glanced over to Ragyo about once every thirty seconds, as if she were looking for pointers or cues on what she should be doing next.

After they initially entered the room, the guests had all gone back to their original conversations, allowing Satsuki and Nonon to slip through the people easily. Nonon glanced around the ballroom, her eyes widening what looked to be fountains of champagne set up.

The grandness of the party was only dulled by Satsuki's obvious contempt that seemed to emit from her body in waves.

"Are you alright?" Nonon asked, watching as a couple passed them.

"I don't understand parties like these." Satsuki replied in a tone that told Nonon that she was going to continue. "Grand parties like these are for careless people. I don't like them." Satsuki smiled and shook hands with a paunchy man before continuing. "It's wasteful."

"Decadence is waste." Nonon murmured.

"I hate waste." Satsuki said, steering Nonon toward a couple of boys around their age.

The first was tall and lanky with dark hair that fell in front of his eyes. He grinned arrogantly at Satsuki and shoved his hands into the pockets of his dark gray slacks, winking at Nonon as they approached. The second was slightly shorter than the first and slightly smaller. His hair was neatly slicked back and he wore a pair of square glasses. He offered Satsuki a nod before looking at Nonon, a smile forming.

"Nonon, this is Sanageyama Uzu," Satsuki gestured to the first boy. "And Inumuta Houka." The second boy inclined his head and smiled. "Uzu's family owns a chain of drug stores and Houka is the son of the police commissioner."

"It's nice to finally meet you, Miss Jakuzure." Sanageyama said, his smile not faltering as he looked Nonon in the eye. "Your family must be one of the elites if you've been promised to Satsuki."

"Jakuzure transportation." Inumuta said to the taller boy. "They work very closely with the Kiryuin conglomerate. In fact, I'd have thought your families would have joined much sooner."

"You would think." Satsuki nodded, leaning in toward Nonon's ear and whispering. "There are a couple reporters just over there,"

Nonon glanced over and noticed a couple of men with cameras a few yards away. "Act like I just said something sweet to you."

Nonon smiled and nodded as Satsuki pulled away. She leaned up and placed a kiss on Satsuki's cheek. "I'm very lucky to have you." She said, just loud enough for the reporters to hear.

"As am I." Satsuki replied, half smiling.

Sanageyama made a faux disgusted face and turned to look over at the reporters. "Way to put on a show."

"The press seems to be very interested with your engagement." Inumuta said, leaning forward and lowering his voice. "Your mother's announcement has attracted even the lowest tabloids, your face will be on the front page if you play your cards right."

Satsuki nodded but said nothing.

A balding old man and a plump woman took Satsuki's attention for a few minutes, leaving Nonon alone with the two boys.

"You're friends of Satsuki's?" Nonon asked, putting her hands behind her back and rocking on the balls of her feet.

"Yeah." Sanageyama nodded, clearing his throat. "We met at prep school together about four years ago."

"Interesting." Nonon hummed, looking at Inumuta.

"The story of how Satsuki and I met is a rather personal matter." Inumuta said coolly, his eyes boring into Nonon's. He had a similar coldness in his eyes that Satsuki had, though Satsuki's seemed to pierce deeper than his.

"Then you and Satsuki must share a deep bond." Nonon replied, turning as Satsuki returned to the group.

“You’re correct.” Inumuta said calmly. “Though, possibly not as deep as the one you both share, Miss Jakuzure.”

Satsuki took Nonon’s hand in her own, leaning in to whisper into her ear. “We’re needed on the balcony.” She murmured, tapping her watch.

They linked their arms together and Satsuki led Nonon to the balcony overlooking the grounds. Below them sat many people with cameras, all of them snapping photos of the two as they exited the party. Satsuki looked at her watch and took Nonon’s hand in her own, slipping a ring with a large diamond onto her finger.

“Your ring.” Satsuki murmured, glancing at her watch again. “I’m going to kiss you now.”

“Alright.”

Satsuki cupped Nonon’s face and leaned into her. Their lips connected and Nonon almost gasped. She wished she could say that it was life changing, but no kisses were. Satsuki was gentle the way she kissed her, her right hand held her waist tightly and her left moved from Nonon’s cheek and up to stroke her hair. Nonon wrapped her arms around Satsuki’s neck and pulled her down slightly, deepening the kiss.

“We seem to have attracted attention.” Satsuki murmured as she pulled away, glancing down at the flashing cameras.

“You don’t say.” Nonon rolled her eyes and smiled.

Before Satsuki could reply, the sky lit up as the first of the fireworks went off. For a moment, Nonon was stunned, she watched as the fireworks flew through the air, exploding above them and illuminating The Kiryuin Mansion and the grounds. Satsuki leaned in and pressed another kiss to Nonon’s lips, gently holding her in place for a moment before pulling away.

“I suspect this photo will be in the news.” She mumbled, opening the door for Nonon to reenter the home. “Thank you for cooperating.”

Ragyo had been right to call the press because the very next day, the front page of almost every newspaper had Nonon and Satsuki's faces plastered on the front. Most of the papers focused on both her and Satsuki's net worth, explaining how after their wedding, they'd be the two wealthiest people in the country. The news of their engagement had sparked most of the public interest as well, making Nonon a local celebrity. The amount of people who asked to see her ring was only surpassed by the number of those who merely stood and gawked when they saw her. In a way it was endearing.

They sat by Satsuki's pool, though neither she nor Satsuki had swam at all. Satsuki hadn't spoken to Nonon since she had arrived, her eyes never looking away from the crystal clear water. With a small sigh, Nonon moved toward her fiancée, gently putting a hand on the taller girl's shoulder.

“Are you alright?” Nonon asked, her brow furrowing when Satsuki didn't respond. “Are you alright?” She repeated after a moment.

“The date has been set.” Satsuki said quietly, jerking away from Nonon's hand. “I tried to postpone it, but...” She looked at Nonon now, her eyes were red and brimming with tears. “I'm sorry.”

The news hit Nonon like a tidal wave. She felt a huge weight on her chest, making it hard to breathe. The idea of her marriage to Satsuki had been easy to accept when it was in the distant future, when the date was unspecified and she didn't have to count down the days or feel crushed by the upcoming date. Nonon felt tears form in her eyes as she absorbed the news.

“When?” She managed.

“Next December.” Satsuki replied, her face was paler now and her hands shaking. “I... I suppose that my mother thinks the snow on the

ground will look beautiful on film.”

“Oh.”

“I’m sorry.”

Nonon’s brow furrowed, but she said nothing.

“I’m so sorry.” Satsuki repeated, her voice breaking for the first time since they were five. “I didn’t mean to upset you, but- I didn’t mean to upset you.”

Nonon couldn’t help the dry smile that formed on her face. “You sound like you’re five again.” She mumbled.

Satsuki let out a dry bark of a laugh but said nothing.

“Based on your reaction to the news, it would seem that you don’t want to marry me.” Nonon continued, feigning anger. “In fact, if I didn’t know better, I’d think you were upset with the arrangement.”

Satsuki looked surprised for a moment, her eyes widening as she spoke. “No, what I said wasn’t meant to imply that I don’t want to marry you!” She spoke with such confidence that Nonon was sure it was the truth. “I merely...” She narrowed her eyes. “You’re playing a trick aren’t you?”

Nonon merely raised a brow and smirked.

“You really are an awful person.” Satsuki sighed, standing up and stretching.

“Oh really?” Nonon found herself laughing.

“Yes really.”

Before Nonon knew what was happening, she felt a pair of strong arms wrap around her waist and lift her into the air. A quiet yelp escaped her lips as she was carried over to the edge of the pool.

Eyes widening, Nonon looked up at Satsuki, who wore a playfully sadistic smile on her face as she swung Nonon through the air and released her over the pool.

The cold water chilled Nonon to the bone and making her gasp. Spluttering through her mouthful of water, Nonon broke the surface and glared at Satsuki, who in turn raised an eyebrow and smirked. Nonon sighed and leaned back, allowing herself to float on the water.

“Your plan seems to have backfired.” The raspy voice of Ryuko rang out, making Nonon and Satsuki look up as she walked toward the pool.

“As most of them do.” Satsuki replied, narrowly dodging her sister’s attempt to push her in the pool, laughing a little as Ryuko stumbled into the water.

Nonon laughed as Ryuko’s body hit the water, splashing her in the process.

“You sure think you’re clever, don’t ya?” Ryuko snapped when she resurfaced, swimming to the edge and lifting herself up. “How about a congratulatory handshake?”

Satsuki rolled her eyes and gripped Ryuko’s hand, allowing her sister to throw her into the water. Nonon squeaked when Satsuki came up for air, her eyes raking over the taller girl’s muscular build. She bit her lip and averted her gaze before Satsuki could turn.

“You’re so devious.” Satsuki sighed, climbing out of the pool and sitting on the edge. “If I didn’t know you better, I’d think you were Colonel Custer.”

Ryuko snorted and shoved her sister’s shoulder roughly before looking at Nonon. “I take it Satsuki told you the news?” Her tone was suddenly serious.

“About the wedding?” Nonon swam to the edge of the pool and leaned her forearms on the side.

Ryuko nodded.

“We’ve discussed it.” Satsuki mumbled irritably, her mood shifting in an instant.

“You don’t sound very excited.” Ryuko teased, shoving Satsuki again. “If I were your fiancée, I’d be offended.” She looked at Nonon. “I apologize for my sister’s behavior. It’s not becoming of a young lady to speak in such a way.”

“That was good, Ryuko.” Nonon said, smiling a little. “Have you been listening to Satsuki speak?”

“Nah, we just went to the same etiquette classes.” Ryuko made a gesture that Nonon wasn’t familiar with. “Satsuki’s the one who had to get married off, no one gives a damn if I don’t talk like a lady.”

“They care.” Satsuki said quietly, offering a hand to help Nonon out of the pool. “Mother and Father are beside themselves with grief that their youngest daughter has turned into such a deviant.” She finished her sentence with a smirk, making Ryuko snort with laughter.

“You’re awful.” Nonon said, sitting beside Satsuki. “I can’t believe I’m marrying such a terrible person.”

“I’m a terrible person with excellent breeding.” Satsuki replied, her smirk growing.

“How does someone with excellent breeding become so awful?” Nonon asked teasingly.

Ryuko leaned over and pinched Satsuki’s cheek. “We’re not sure, but she’s not normal. Always frowning and speaking in metaphors, why just yesterday she called herself a lioness.”

“I suppose I see it.” Nonon mumbled, gently placing a hand on Satsuki’s cheek and turning her to face her. “You have a glint in your eye. It makes you seem dangerous.”

“Seem dangerous?” Satsuki raised an eyebrow. “I am dangerous.”

“I don’t doubt you.” Nonon laughed.

The next day when Nonon arrived at the Kiryuin estate, she was not greeted by the cheerful face that belonged to Ryuko, nor Satsuki’s strangely warm, yet cold expression when she was led in by one of the butlers. Instead, it was merely Satsuki, her face etched with dull pain as she took Nonon’s hand in her own and greeted her. Normally Nonon wouldn’t think twice about Satsuki being in a sour mood, but when coupled with Ryuko’s absence, it spoke volumes.

“Is everything alright?” Nonon asked, glancing around the main hall. “Where is your sister?”

“She just learned of Miss Mankanshoku’s engagement.” Satsuki said with a sigh. “She’s in a rather sour mood.”

“Oh.” Nonon furrowed her brow. “How did she...?”

“She and Miss Mankanshoku were having dinner at the Mankanshoku estate when Ira dropped by.” Satsuki replied, tucking her hands into the pockets of her gray slacks. “She kept herself calm while they talked, I suppose she deluded herself into thinking that the meeting was about something else... When she got home, I...” Satsuki glanced at the floor for a moment before her eyes flicked up to meet Nonon’s. “She’s not fond of me at the moment.”

“You did the right thing, Satsuki.” Nonon murmured, placing a hand on her fiancée’s shoulder.

“Did I, though?” Satsuki asked, her voice sounding far away somehow. “My sister is hurting and it’s partially my fault. If I had just

told her..." Satsuki trailed off and turned away from Nonon. "I was thinking that we should go into town to visit Houka, Uzu, and Ira for lunch."

Nonon raised her eyebrows but didn't mention the sudden subject change.

"They've been itching to see you again." Satsuki continued as she turned her heel and walked toward the front doors. "Soroi," She called out to the elderly butler. "Have my car brought 'round front please. Miss Jakuzure and I will be going to town."

"Yes, Lady Satsuki." Soroi nodded and walked off.

Satsuki walked through the doors, which were opened for her by two staff members and beckoned for Nonon to follow. Satsuki's white car was brought to the front not a minute later by a staff member. The car glimmered in the sunlight, it almost hurt Nonon's eyes to look at it. Even the tires were white.

"Shall we?" Satsuki climbed into her car and nodded at the staff member who opened Nonon's door for her.

"Sure." Nonon nodded and sat down in her seat, offering Satsuki a small smile.

A grin formed on Satsuki's before she buckled her seatbelt and accelerated.

The ride into the city was a quick one, the trees and bushes were blurred with the speed of Satsuki's driving. It was almost as if the traffic laws didn't apply to Satsuki as she sped through the winding roads to town. Nonon was in awe, as always, when they crossed the large bridge that connected the small city to the rest of the county.

The view from the bridge was the only view of the city as far as Nonon was concerned. It rose above the city slightly, enabling anyone who looked close enough to see the sun shining on all the

buildings, and to those who were lucky enough to see it at night, it was as if the city itself was shining in the darkness. Almost like a beacon.

Cars pulled to the side when Satsuki passed, some drivers even stuck their heads out the window to watch Satsuki drive by. They pulled up to a small restaurant, the buildings around it casting a good sized shadow over the entrance. Nonon found herself feeling slightly nervous about entering, Satsuki offered Nonon her hand and led her into the building.

"It's a small place that my friends and I go to from time to time." Satsuki explained, watching as Nonon took a look around.

The lighting was dim and the restaurant was nearly empty, but it looked clean enough. Though if it weren't up to Satsuki's standards, Nonon had the feeling that Satsuki wouldn't give the place a second glance as she called and paid off the health inspector to shut the place down for good. Satsuki led Nonon to a table where Sanageyama and Inumuta were sitting with a man that Nonon did not know.

He was tall with dark skin and blond hair. His muscles were large enough to show through his shirt and the jacket he wore, giving him an intimidating air that surrounded him. He stood up when Nonon and Satsuki approached the table and offered his hand to Satsuki's to shake. They nodded at each other, and Satsuki offered him a small smile before gesturing to Nonon.

"Ira, this is my fiancée, Jakuzure Nonon." Satsuki said, her smile still in place. "Nonon, I'd like you to meet my good friend Gamagori Ira."

"It's a pleasure." Gamagori nodded without smiling.

Satsuki pulled out Nonon's seat for her before sitting down herself. "Ira's uncle owns a steal company, though he never managed to have any children, so Ira is the sole heir to the company."

“It’s good to see you again, Miss Jakuzure.” Inumuta said after a moment. “And may I say, you look just as radiant as you did our last meeting.”

“Now, Houka,” Satsuki sighed, her tone teasing. “More talk like that, and we’d have to assume that you’re trying to steal my bride.”

“Oh I’d never.” Inumuta chuckled, his lips turning up into a small grin. “I have a feeling that you wouldn’t approve of it in the least.”

“Actually, Houka.” Sanageyama spoke up after a moment. “It’s not Satsuki you’d have to worry about, it’s her mother.”

“Very true.” Satsuki added. “My mother is a dangerous woman when things don’t go her way.” Though it was said in a joking manner, Nonon knew there was truth in Satsuki’s words.

“I’d assume the police would find your body in the river.” Sanageyama said, looking at Inumuta.

“Nonsense,” Inumuta sighed, looking up as a waiter approached. “I would never be found.”

Everyone placed their orders before even looking at their menus, though Nonon was slightly relieved when Satsuki ordered for her. They talked for a while, about everything and nothing. From topics of Sanageyama’s older brother having his first son, to the newest coupe on the market. Their conversations were superficial, but enjoyable.

When the food came, the conversation turned serious. Gamagori had asked about Ryuko, which caused Satsuki visibly tense up. According to Gamagori, Mako’s younger brother, Mataro, had invited him over for dinner the night before he made an appearance.

“Ah, so the trouble making brother ruined my sister’s mood.” Satsuki sighed, leaning back into her seat. “I had assumed you were just being troublesome.”

“That’s why you learn the full story before going on a war path, my dear friend.” Sanageyama said, letting out a bark of a laugh.

“She was perfectly respectable when she called me scum.” Gamagori replied, a small scowl forming on his face. “In fact, I didn’t realize she had insulted me until she hung up before I could wish her well and explain the situation.”

“Wow, Satsuki,” Nonon found herself chuckling. “I never thought you’d be the type to jump to conclusions so quickly.”

“I was in a blind rage.” Satsuki said, frowning a little. “My little sister had just discovered that the person she loved most was engaged to Ira.”

“I’d be irritated that Miss Mankanshoku didn’t do better.” Nonon said, a small smirk forming when Satsuki gave her an irritated glare.

“My, you have a sharp tongue, Miss Jakuzure.” Inumuta said after a moment.

“Thank you.” Nonon replied, looking over at Satsuki, whose frown had morphed into a wry smile. “Aren’t you glad we’re getting married?”

“I’m ecstatic.” Satsuki said softly, leaning down and gently kissing Nonon’s cheek. “You will make a most excellent wife.”

“You’re just saying that in case someone overhears us.” Nonon murmured softly.

“And if I am?” Satsuki asked, her voice almost inaudible.

“You’re acting too cheesy, no one will believe you.”

Satsuki’s brow furrowed but she said nothing as she kissed the corner of Nonon’s mouth and straightened up.

“Ah, yes.” Sanageyama groaned after a couple seconds of silence. “I go to lunch without my brother and his wife, only to see the two of you acting just as disgusting. This is exactly what I wanted.”

“I told you that Miss Jakuzure would be here and you accepted the offer.” Satsuki replied, raising a brow. “Do you regret coming with us?”

“Of course not.” Sanageyama shook his head. “I treasure your company.”

“As you should.”

They paid for their lunch a few minutes later and Satsuki led Nonon back outside. The bright sun was in stark contrast to the dimmed lighting in the restaurant, hurting Nonon’s eyes and making her squint as she walked to the car. Satsuki opened the door for her and smiled as Nonon climbed in. Nonon could barely make out a small flash of light behind them, reflecting slightly off of Satsuki’s face.

“Is there a reporter behind me?” Nonon whispered as Satsuki walked around the front and climbed into her car.

“Yes.” Satsuki breathed, leaning in and pecking Nonon’s on the lips. “Are you ready to be on the sixth page of a gossip rag?”

“Sixth page?” Nonon raised a brow.

“I’d rather not be too high profile.” Satsuki replied, starting her car. “Though if you’d like to be on the front page, I can think of a few ways to get attention.”

Nonon’s brow furrowed as she thought of the implications of Satsuki’s words. “No thank you.”

“Then sixth page it is.” Satsuki smiled, letting out a dry chuckle.

“I wonder how they found out we’d be here.”

“It could be my mother, it could be coincidence, though I’m more inclined to believe that it was my mother.”

“Your mother really does want you to be high profile.”

“My mother feels that the best way to have the press on your side is to tip them off yourself.”

“Is she right?”

“I’m not sure yet...”

In an attempt at rebellion, Nonon chose to pursue music as her major when she went to college. Her parents, on the other hand, refused to acknowledge her rebellion and state that they’d allow her to do whatever she pleased. That is until Nonon brought up the engagement she had never had a say in, only to be nearly thrown out of the room by her father in a fit of rage.

Nonon sat at her grand piano in the music room, which had been only occupied by her since neither of her parents had shown an interest in music. With a sigh, Nonon started to read her sheet music before starting to play a few notes, idly wondering how angry her parents were with her small outburst. She played around, tinkering with the keys for a couple minutes before she heard a soft knock on the door.

“What a quaint room.” Satsuki’s voice echoed through the music room, causing Nonon to turn around. “Is this where you spend most of your time?”

“Half of it.” Nonon replied, turning around in her seat to give Satsuki her full attention. “The other half is usually with you.” She paused and gestured for Satsuki to enter fully. “Do you play anything?”

“I play the violin.” Satsuki replied, sitting beside Nonon. “But, if you’re looking for the more musically inclined person in our family, you’ll

have to speak to Ryuko.”

“What does she play?”

“The cello, but we both play rather poorly.”

“Oh?”

Satsuki chuckled and looked around the room, her eyes focusing on the violin in the corner. “I’d show you, but you might try to call off our engagement if you heard me play.”

“I promise that I won’t.” Nonon raised her eyebrows and walked over to the violin. “Just let me see what I’m getting myself into.”

“I’ll play for you if you play for me.” Satsuki said, accepting the violin and bow. “I apologize in advance for what you’re about to experience...”

Without further ado, Satsuki started to play. Nonon listened politely, watching her as she played. Her posture was perfect, her form was flawless, but for some reason the music that was playing was mediocre at best. Nonon frowned a little but said nothing until Satsuki finished her song, her cheeks tinted slightly pink.

“I warned you.” Satsuki said, sitting down again. “Your turn.”

“You’re not as bad as you led me to believe.” Nonon smiled, gesturing to the entirety of the room. “What would you like me to play?”

“Why don’t we compare?” Satsuki put the violin on Nonon’s lap.

Nonon rolled her eyes and stood. With a deep sigh, she began to play, slowly at first, before picking up speed. She wasn’t really playing anything in particular, her hands were just moving on their own accord. Nonon opened her eyes, only to realize that she had actually closed them. Satsuki had been sitting on the piano bench

the whole time, watching her with great interest and causing Nonon to blush.

“That was lovely.” Satsuki said when Nonon finished playing. “I feel much more self-conscious about my terrible playing now.”

“Don’t be.” Nonon replied as she crossed the room to put her violin away. “I have a gift.”

“Indeed you do.” Satsuki chuckled, looking away from Nonon.

Nonon smiled and sat down. “I actually have a question for you.” She mumbled after a moment.

“I’m listening.”

“Well... how do you feel about our engagement?” Nonon asked, looking away from Satsuki. “It’s just... you’ve known since we were children, and I doubt I kept my feelings about it a secret.”

“Well, when we were nine and you threw that flute at your father because you didn’t want to come to dinner was certainly eye opening.” Satsuki laughed dryly before composing herself. “I’m not sure how I feel. I’ve known my whole life that I was going to be marrying someone... It never really occurred to me that there was another option. Though I suppose that if I had to choose someone to marry on my own accord, I would fail... miserably.”

“I think you’re suave enough.” Nonon said, gently putting a hand on Satsuki’s shoulder.

“Natural charisma doesn’t mean I’m skilled enough to find my own bride.” Satsuki said, pausing to lick her lips. “I was a nervous child, and the only reason I got over my nerves was because I had... well my mother coached me on how to speak to people because of how awful I had acted during our first meeting.”

“Your mother is very invested in our marriage.”

“She has to make sure her family’s wealth ends up with the right people.” Satsuki shrugged. “I suppose we’ll do the same for our future child.”

“Children?”

“It wouldn’t make sense to not have them. We’d have to pass on our wealth to someone when we retire, and other than any future child, the only person we can give it to is Ryuko. And frankly I wouldn’t trust her with the company.”

“You’re right. We will have to be parents one day.”

“It’s strange to think about.”

“Indeed.”

Part 2

Chapter 2: Part 2

The second part of my arranged marriage au.

Nonon was awakened early in the morning by a pounding on her door, it was almost as if whoever was knocking had been putting far too much force in the action. With a groan, Nonon rolled out of bed and rubbed her eyes. The pounding on the door grew more and more forceful, each knock sent another wave of irritation through Nonon's tiny body. As she went to answer the door, Nonon idly wondered why someone so irritable was even allowed in her home.

"Finally." Ryuko grumbled when Nonon opened the door. She had half a mind to slam the door in Ryuko's face. "I'm sure a tornado could come through your bedroom and you wouldn't wake up."

"What do you want?" Nonon snapped, rubbing her eye and glowering at the taller girl. "It's not becoming for a lady to be seen without-"

"Save it and let me in." Ryuko rolled her eyes, pushing past Nonon and sitting on the bed. "We have some things to discuss."

"Oh?" Nonon closed the door and turned to face the younger girl. "And that would be...?"

"My sister." Ryuko said, giving Nonon a bored look.

"Am I allowed to get dressed first?" Nonon sighed, gesturing to her pajamas.

"I don't plan on staying that long." Ryuko grunted, her brow furrowing. "Please get over yourself. I grew up with my mother and

an older sister, I've seen women in their nightwear before."

"Fair enough." Nonon crossed her arms. "Why is Satsuki the topic of conversation?"

"She's acting strangely." Ryuko said, she didn't look at Nonon as she spoke. She wasn't looking at anything in particular.

"How so?"

"It's hard to explain, but it's probably your fault!"

"How is it my fault if your sister is acting strangely?!"

"All she ever does is sit around and brood when you're not around." Ryuko sighed. "She did a lot of brooding before you both started seeing each other, but this time it's all wrong. And she always looks like she's looking at something really far away." Ryuko's brow furrowed and her face turned red. "And it's all your fault!"

"I don't understand how any of this is my fault." Nonon shrugged, leaning against her door.

"I think she's starting to fall for you." Ryuko said after a moment of silence. "So stop being so charming and let her get her business thing on before our mother finds out and cancels the wedding."

"What?"

Ryuko sighed again before glaring at the older girl. "My. Sister. Is. Falling. For. You." She repeated slowly. "So stop whatever it is you're doing until after the wedding, alright?"

"I don't know what I'm doing." Nonon mumbled, frowning a little.

Ryuko rolled her eyes, hopped off Nonon's bed, and walked to the door. "You're actually fairly cute." She murmured under her breath before speaking up. "Are you falling for my sister?"

A laugh escaped Nonon's lips before her cheeks turned pink. "No."

Ryuko raised an eyebrow before gently shoving Nonon out of the way and taking her leave.

Nonon's brow furrowed as she heard her door slam. Ryuko Kiryuin was a strange individual.

Satsuki was quiet when they had tea at the Jakuzure manor the next day. The silence was tense as they sat in the garden, neither of them making eye contact with the other. Nonon felt inclined to look Satsuki's way, but for some reason she couldn't force herself to do so much as glance over at the other girl.

"The leaves are starting to fall." Satsuki murmured after nearly half an hour of silence.

"An astute observation." Nonon sighed, frowning at the venom in her tone.

Nonon noticed movement in the corner of her eye, making her discreetly glance Satsuki's way. The taller woman had reached into her pocket to pull out a book of matches and what Nonon believed to be a pack of cigarettes. She watched Satsuki strike a match and light her cigarette, Nonon frowned a little.

"You smoke?" Nonon asked, facing Satsuki fully.

"An astute observation." Satsuki replied, puffing on her cigarette and smirking.

Nonon chuckled. "I didn't know you smoked."

"I do it mostly to irritate my mother." Satsuki said, frowning a little before offering Nonon her pack. "Would you like one?"

"No thank you." Nonon shook her head. "I don't smoke."

Satsuki nodded understandingly and tucked the pack back in her jacket. "I apologize." She said softly. "I can put it out if you'd like."

"It's fine." Nonon murmured, looking back at the trees. "I had a visit from your sister yesterday."

"Oh?"

"She showed up, unannounced, barged into my bedroom and berated me."

"That sounds a lot like my sister."

"She wouldn't even allow me to change into my clothes for the day before she shouted at me."

"That fiend."

"You don't seem very irritated that your sister barged into your fiancée's home and berated her."

Satsuki let out a puff of smoke as she chuckled. "Ryuko has a history of erratic behavior. She tends to act out." A frown formed. "Would you like me to apologize on her behalf?"

"That won't be necessary." Nonon shook her head. "Though, your sister did say some interesting things."

"Oh?"

"Yes, very interesting."

"And I don't get to know what was said?"

"She implied that it was a private matter."

"A private matter?"

“Oh yes. Very private. My, you’d be absolutely livid if you knew what she had said.”

“You’re teasing me, aren’t you?”

“It’s not like you have the option to break up with me if I were.” Nonon smirked, a small cackle escaping when she looked at Satsuki, whose brows were furrowed comically.

“I did not realize I was engaged to a sadist.” Satsuki mumbled, taking another drag from her cigarette.

“A sadist?” Nonon rolled her eyes, “I can live with that.”

“Yes, a sadist.” Satsuki stubbed out her cigarette and frowned. “You’re torturing me with a lack of information.”

Nonon laughed quietly. “You’re moronic.”

“Absolutely moronic.” Satsuki lit up another cigarette and sighed. “In fact, it’s been said that my level of idiocy definitely shadows all others.”

Nonon watched as Satsuki blew a ring of smoke into the air. She’d never understood the appeal of smoking, though for some reason, watching Kiryuin Satsuki smoke made Nonon want to take up smoking a little bit. A frown formed as Nonon took a sip of her tea, the smell of the smoke was starting to give her a headache.

“Do you think you could put that out?”

Nonon’s mind wandered as she pretended to listen to pudgy old man who was talking about... it was either the economy or boats. Or anything else really. Nonon was not listening to this man before her, in fact she wished that she weren’t at the charity event at all.

The grand ball room was filled with an assortment of people that her parents probably had connections with. Nonon wasn't even sure what the event was for, if she were being completely honest, though she was pretty sure that the event had something to do with animals. Which would explain why there were photographs of animals on the walls.

"Interesting." Nonon sighed. She was lying, this wasn't interesting at all. She was bored as hell.

"Do you mind?" The voice of Satsuki Kiryuin rang out from behind the man. "I'd like to speak to my fiancée... alone please."

The man grunted and walked away, allowing Satsuki to step in.

A small smile formed on Satsuki's face as she took Nonon's hand in her own. Her mouth moved, but Nonon didn't quite understand what it was she had said if she were being completely honest. Nonon's brow furrowed as she took in Satsuki's appearance. There was something off.

Her dark hair was all in place, framing her ivory skin. The pearl gray suit was well tailored and hugged her frame well. Satsuki frowned when she noticed Nonon's scrutiny. Their eyes met, and Nonon frowned at the dark circles that were under Satsuki's eyes. She looked as though she hadn't slept in days.

"Are you alright?" Nonon asked, gently bringing a hand to touch Satsuki's cheek. "You're not ill are you?"

"I'm doing quite well." Satsuki chuckled lightly at Nonon's concern. "In fact, I've never felt better."

"You've never felt better?" Nonon asked her brow furrowing. "In your life? Your entire life?"

"I'm fine." Satsuki sighed, rolling her eyes. "You don't have to worry about my health."

“Don’t I, though?” Nonon took a step back and crossed her arms.
“I’m your intended. Your health is important to me.”

“I’ve been having trouble sleeping recently.” Satsuki mumbled.
“There’s nothing much to it.”

“You’re sure?”

“Completely.”

“You mean it?”

“Absolutely.”

Nonon nodded and took Satsuki’s hand in her own, leading her into the crowd and toward a few portraits of whales. Satsuki looked at the portrait intently, her brow furrowed with a small frown on her face before turning to Nonon.

“I’m not completely sure what these whales mean...” She murmured, tilting her head. “Are they meant to symbolize something? I don’t understand.”

“I think this might be an event for whales.” Nonon replied, letting out a small chuckle.

“That makes a lot more sense.” Satsuki nodded, crossing her arms over her chest.

“You are absolutely idiotic.”

“Thank you, thank you for this.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

Satsuki had opened her mouth to speak when a mop of dark hair appeared behind Satsuki’s shoulder. Ryuko tapped on her sister’s shoulder, a scowl was plastered on her face as Satsuki turned to

look at her. A small frown formed on Nonon's face as she took in Ryuko's disheveled appearance.

She had a red bow haphazardly tied around her neck, her short sleeved shirt wasn't tucked into her wrinkled, brown slacks, and she smelled like cheese. Nonon's brow furrowed as she took in the girl's appearance, only to look back at Satsuki, who now looked much better in comparison. Maybe she'd always had those bags under her eyes, but Ryuko was just distracting her from noticing.

"You certainly look... dapper?" Nonon said, straining a smile as she turned to Satsuki. Part of Nonon wanted to demand why Satsuki would allow her sister out of the home in such a ridiculous state, but she kept her mouth shut.

"Stop talking." Ryuko snapped, glaring at Satsuki. "You said that they wouldn't be here!"

Before Nonon could ask for clarification, Satsuki spoke. "Ira had said that he had no intentions of attending this event. I never said anything about Miss-"

"Just shut up!" Ryuko growled, stuffing her hands in her pockets. "You're never any help and now I'm stuck avoiding her because you're a liar."

"I did not lie to you." Satsuki said with a groan. "I knew nothing of Miss Mankanshoku's plans for the night, and I never told you anything to the contrary."

Ryuko narrowed her eyes before stomping away.

"That was definitely not what I expected." Satsuki sighed, watching as her sister ducked behind people and hid from her best friend.

"Ryuko is still a little torn up about it, isn't she?"

"Very."

“I’m sorry for her.”

“She’s never been good with disappointment.” Satsuki took Nonon’s hand in her own. “I feel bad for Miss Mankanshoku. It must be hard to lose your best friend without knowing what had happened.”

“I can’t imagine.” Nonon sighed, glancing at Satsuki and frowning at the look on her face.

“At least neither of us would have that problem.” Satsuki shrugged, a small smile forming.

“That definitely makes me feel better.”

An older man with dark hair approached the two of them not long after their exchange, he commented on the event before pulling Satsuki to the side. Nonon watched as the two spoke in hushed tones, Satsuki looked completely passive while the dark haired man looked mildly upset. The longer they spoke, the more upset the dark haired man looked.

After a few minutes, the two shook hands and Satsuki broke away from the man, taking her place beside Nonon again. “That was Mikisugi Aikuro.” Satsuki murmured. “He’s a friend of my father’s and is helping to plan our wedding.”

“Interesting.” Nonon sighed, glancing back to Mikisugi. “What were you talking about?”

“My father decided not to come to this event.” Satsuki shrugged. “Apparently he was hoping to catch my father here.”

“Why isn’t your father here?”

“Business? I’m not one hundred percent sure.”

A moment later, a tall, balding man walked onto the stage and called for a toast. He made a small speech, thanking Ragyo for her ‘generous donation’ to their cause. Ragyo stood up onto the stage

and shook hands with the balding man before speaking. Nonon didn't really listen to her soon to be mother-in-law speak to the crowd, her voice just seemed to be some kind of dull roar as Nonon watched Satsuki react to the speech.

Satsuki's brow was furrowed as she listened to her mother, her jaw set, and her muscles tense. Nonon gently stroked the back of Satsuki's hand with her thumb in an attempt to soothe her. The taller woman looked down at Nonon, her cold eyes softening for a moment before her lips quirked up and she bent down and pressed an affectionate kiss to Nonon's temple.

"Thank you." Satsuki murmured, only for the crowd to applaud.

Nonon glanced around the room and noticed that all eyes were on them.

"She congratulated us on our engagement." Satsuki continued at Nonon's confused look. With a sigh, Satsuki leaned down and captured Nonon's lips with her own. "You should pay better attention."

"I was too busy staring at you, my dear." Nonon rolled her eyes, earning a small chuckle.

"You certainly know how to charm a girl."

"Indeed I do."

The date of the wedding was approaching quicker than Nonon had imagined. The Kiryuins had hired a wedding planner, who had alleviated some of the pressure that seemed to form in Nonon's chest every time the wedding was mentioned. Now all she had to do was show up for the dress fittings and sample cakes. That was something she could do.

They were at a boutique that belonged to one of Satsuki's childhood friends to get fitted for their dresses. Satsuki was sitting outside, talking with her friend, Iori, who seemed more interested in talking about Inumuta than actual dress making at the moment. Satsuki didn't seem to mind as she listened to her friend talk about their time with Inumuta.

After nearly twenty minutes of idle chitchat, Iori led Satsuki into one room before taking Nonon into another. Nonon stood on a small stool as Iori shoved pins into her dress to hold the fabric in place, every time they tried placed a pin in the fabric made Nonon flinch, though she never felt the sting of a needle. She glanced down at Satsuki's friend before looking around the room.

The walls were adorned with mirrors and photographs of Iori's previous designs, all stylish and elegant looking. When Satsuki had told her that Iori was eighteen, Nonon had been dubious about them designing their dresses. It seemed odd for a person her own age to be so distinguished already, Nonon definitely respected Satsuki's friend now that she'd seen their work.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Miss Jakuzure." Iori said after almost ten minutes. "Lady Satsuki speaks very highly of you."

"You may call me Nonon." Nonon replied, offering Satsuki's friend a smile. "If you don't mind, it's rather strange that you address Satsuki as Lady. Since you're her friend."

"She's told me many times not to call her Lady a few times since becoming friends." Iori chuckled, continuing to put the pins in place. "I suppose it's just hard to drop the formalities."

"I suppose so." Nonon sighed, nodding a little. "She used to call me Miss Jakuzure."

"I don't doubt it." Iori said, moving to a different location on Nonon's dress. "Lady Satsuki has a tendency to cling to formalities when she's nervous."

“Are you saying I make her nervous?” Nonon smirked a little bit, watching as lori turned bright pink. “I’m joking, don’t worry.”

“O-oh.” lori went back to work on the dress and kept their head down.

“She is nervous around me, isn’t she?”

“Lady Satsuki is not as... confident as she appears. You should consider it a compliment if she is nervous around you.”

“Oh really?”

“Definitely.”

They fell into a mildly awkward silence while lori worked on Nonon dress. For almost twenty minutes neither of them spoke, other than lori asking how the dress felt. Nonon let out a sigh of relief when lori took a few steps back and smiled.

“I’ll see you when the dress is finished.” lori said, helping Nonon out of the dress. “I’ll let you get dressed.”

lori left the room with the bundle of fabric in their arms. Nonon dressed quickly before entering the room where Satsuki was sitting, a book in her lap and a pair of red framed spectacles on her face. She glanced up at the sound of footsteps and marked her place in her book before standing up.

“How did it go?” Satsuki asked, taking off her glasses and tucking them into her jacket pocket.

“Your friend is very good.” Nonon replied, tossing on her jacket.

“I know.” Satsuki nodded and led Nonon to the front of the shop.

The rain fell in sheets, hitting against the window and making it almost impossible for Nonon to see her own front yard. It had

definitely put a damper on her plans with Satsuki that afternoon, leaving the two women to be forced to sit inside Nonon's house. Satsuki sat nearest to the window, resting her chin on her hand as she watched the rain fall with a bored expression on her face.

"This rain is mildly irritating." Satsuki sighed, loosening her tie and leaning back in her seat.

"Mildly?" Nonon raised an eyebrow.

"Extremely." Satsuki corrected, glaring at the rain.

"I'm sorry this monsoon decided to attack us." Nonon muttered, her frown deepening. "Would you like to play chess or something?"

Satsuki nodded and smiled slightly.

Nonon stood and walked over to the bookshelf where she kept the chessboard and stretched to reach the top shelf. After a couple seconds of stretching, Nonon hopped to try to grab the board. A warm body pressed up against Nonon's back, causing her to look up and blush. Satsuki was grabbing the chessboard for her, her abdomen and breasts were pressed up against Nonon's back, when she grabbed the board and returned to her original position, Satsuki turned bright red and thrust the chessboard forward, into Nonon's arms.

Satsuki cleared her throat and looked away, choosing to adjust her shirt instead of make eye contact.

"Thank you." Nonon muttered, setting the board on one of the coffee tables and sitting down. "White or black?"

"Whichever you prefer." Satsuki sat across from Nonon, her cheeks still slightly pink as Nonon handed her the white pieces.

"Here."

They set their game up quickly and Satsuki took her first move. In that moment, Nonon knew she'd picked the wrong game to play. She didn't really pay attention to the moves, but Satsuki as she moved the pieces. Her eyes were focused on her goal, jaw set as she made each movement, Nonon bit her bottom lip and glanced away after a moment. There was a strange feeling in her chest as she moved her rook to take out one of Satsuki's pawns, only to make the taller girl smirk.

"I feel like I made a mistake." Nonon mumbled, watching as Satsuki took her queen with a bishop.

"You may have." Satsuki replied, resting her elbows on her knees and leaning forward.

"You're very good." Nonon sighed, moving a pawn.

"I've played with my mother every Saturday since I was five." Satsuki moved her knight. "I still haven't won a game." A small frown formed. "But Mother says I'm improving."

"I didn't realize that Kiryuin Satsuki was so adorable." Nonon smirked, leaning forward to get a better look at the board.

Their faces were mere inches apart, Nonon could even smell Satsuki's breath. She had drank tea earlier. Satsuki moved another piece and then looked back at Nonon, their eyes meeting. Nonon swallowed the lump in her throat and her blush formed again.

"I'd like to try something." Satsuki murmured, cupping Nonon's cheek with her hand. "If you don't mind."

"Not at all." Nonon breathed, her heart beating faster as Satsuki leaned in.

"Alright then..."

Their lips met and Nonon swore she felt her heart skip a beat. Satsuki's lips were softer than ever as she deepened the kiss. Nonon draped her arms over Satsuki's shoulders and pulled the taller girl closer. Satsuki's other hand moved to Nonon's waist and held her in place.

Satsuki pulled away for breath, her cheeks pink and her pupils dilated slightly. "I'm sorry about that..." She panted slightly.

"Don't apologize, I enjoyed that very much." Nonon mumbled, leaning in and pecking Satsuki on the lips again.

"As did I." Satsuki swallowed and glanced at the window.

"You're a good kisser."

"You are too."

They sat in silence for a couple minutes before Satsuki moved her queen and she smiled. "Check mate." She said calmly.

"Indeed."

Nonon couldn't look Satsuki in the eye for almost a week after their kiss. They had managed to avoid each other for four days, until Ragyo decided to invite Nonon to dinner, an invitation that Nonon couldn't refuse. Anxiety pooled in the bottom of Nonon's stomach as she prepared herself for the dinner, Satsuki had informed her that it would just be them and Ragyo. She'd never been alone in a room with Kiryuin Ragyo.

Her soon to be mother-in-law sat at the head of the table as always when Nonon was led into the dining room by Soichiro. Satsuki sat on her right, her brow furrowed and her shoulders were slightly slumped, that is before she noticed the door opening. Nonon had entered just in time to watch Satsuki straighten up and change to her normally ramrod straight posture.

“It’s a pleasure to see you again Miss Jakuzure.” Ragyo said graciously, gesturing for her to take a seat across from Satsuki.

“The feeling is mutual.” Nonon smiled, taking a seat.

“I’m so glad that you were able to join us for dinner.” Ragyo continued as if Nonon hadn’t spoken at all. “I don’t think we’ve ever been alone in a room together.” She looked over at Satsuki. “You haven’t greeted your fiancée, dearest.”

Satsuki nodded and looked up at Nonon, plastering a kind smile on her face. “I’m glad that you could make it, Nonon.” She said, her voice wavering slightly. “And may I say, you look lovely this evening.”

“As do you.” Nonon replied, smiling a little.

The both of them fell silent to allow Ragyo to speak. Nonon kept her eyes at a downcast as the food was served, all the while, Ragyo droned on and on about trivial things and wedding matters. She only looked up every once and a while, only to frown at Satsuki, who looked extremely uncomfortable.

“Satsuki, why don’t you weigh in?” Ragyo asked, her tone still cordial.

“I think that your idea is amazing, Mother.” Satsuki replied, looking up at her mother. “Though I am still wary about the location of the church.”

“I agree with Satsuki.” Nonon spoke up, not completely sure what she was agreeing with.

Ragyo paused for a moment before her brow furrowed. “I suppose you’re both correct.” She smiled at Satsuki. “It’s nice that you’re involved, isn’t it?”

“Yes, Mother.” Satsuki nodded, glancing up at Nonon, her face turning slightly pink as she looked away.

Ragyo glanced at both girls, a small frown forming. "Are the both of you alright?"

"I'm fine, Mother." Satsuki replied quickly.

"I'm doing very well, ma'am." Nonon said, forcing a smile.

Ragyo shrugged. "Well as long as nothing is wrong..."

They continued to eat dinner and their conversation was stilted. Satsuki still didn't meet anyone's eye, her pale cheeks maintained their tinge of pink every time Ragyo mentioned Nonon. Which happened rather often.

"I heard you two have been spending a lot of time together." Ragyo mentioned when the dessert was served. "It's nice that you enjoy each other's company." She paused to glance at Satsuki. "Your father and I couldn't stand to be around each other until before our wedding."

"I never knew that." Satsuki murmured.

"Speak up." Ragyo snapped, making Satsuki sit up straighter. "A lady doesn't mumble."

"I'm sorry, Mother." Satsuki replied clearly.

"You're forgiven." Ragyo smiled, sounding calmer before looking at Nonon. "She doesn't mumble like this when you both are alone, does she?"

"No, ma'am." Nonon answered calmly, feeling herself shrinking a little under Ragyo's gaze. "Satsuki is a perfect lady whenever we're together."

"At least she's polite when it counts." Ragyo sighed, taking a bite of her food. "Thank goodness I raised you properly enough to act like a lady around your fiancée."

Satsuki remained silent as Ragyo continued to berate her. Nonon watched silently, feeling more and more uncomfortable. There was nothing she could do to help Satsuki, especially since Ragyo really seemed to be enjoying the fact that her eldest child was just taking the lecture so calmly. She didn't even blink until Ragyo was done speaking for a moment.

"You're right, Mother." Satsuki said, looking at her mother with her brow furrowed and a frown on her face. "I apologize."

"I accept your apology." Ragyo stood from the table, downed what remained of her wine glass and walked over to Nonon, placing a cold hand on her shoulder. "It was nice to dine with you, Nonon. We should make arrangements for another dinner."

"Likewise, ma'am." Nonon forced a smile before Ragyo left the room. She waited for the footsteps to fade away before jumping out of her seat and hurrying over to Satsuki. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Satsuki replied calmly. Her eyes remained at a downcast. "I'll show you out, then." She stood up and walked over to the door, opening it and looking at Nonon. "It was nice having you over."

"It was nice to be over." Nonon said, leaning up and kissing Satsuki on the cheek. "It was lovely. You were lovely."

"Thank you."

They saw each other every day after that dinner, whether it be family get-togethers, private lunches, charity balls, they were together. Satsuki would make sure that she'd greet everyone, to 'establish a presence,' before pulling Nonon into a broom closet or another private room. They'd kiss each other before one of them would get a little too enthusiastic, then Satsuki would end it, always muttering about improprieties and straightening her clothes.

“We’re engaged, Satsuki.” Nonon mumbled as she watched her fiancée shrug on her jacket and tighten her tie. “You act as though people will be surprised to see us-“

“To see us engaging in improper acts?” Satsuki raised an eyebrow, tucking into her shirt and sighing. “Do you know what my mother would do to me if she found out we-“ Satsuki froze halfway through her sentence.

“Is it so wrong to enjoy the company of one’s intended?” Nonon flopped onto her bed and sighed.

“Is it so wrong for me to want a proper engagement?” Satsuki grumbled. She glanced in Nonon’s mirror and sighed at the state of her hair. “We just look like we’ve had a tryst.”

“Well, we did, didn’t we?”

“You’re absolutely awful.”

“Is that a hint of a smile I see?”

“No.”

Nonon grunted and sighed, glaring up at her ceiling. “Why is everything so confusing?”

Satsuki rolled her eyes and slipped out of the room, leaving Nonon all alone.

Charity balls were always the most boring events that were ever invented by aristocratic people. Nonon put in her earrings as she prepared herself for the charity ball, she hated getting ready for these things. Especially when her family threw them. Then she actually had to attend the ball.

There was a gentle knock on the door, making Nonon jump before standing up to answer the door.

“You look lovely.” Satsuki said the moment Nonon opened the door.

Nonon smiled a little as Satsuki leant down and pressed a kiss to her lips. “Thank you.”

“I was sent to retrieve you for the ball.” Satsuki murmured, kissing Nonon again.

“One more moment.” Nonon moved back to her vanity and started to finish with her eyeliner.

Satsuki nodded and closed the door, leaning against it as she watched Nonon. “I like you in blue.” She said, looking at Nonon’s pale blue dress.

“Thank you.” Nonon replied, straightening her sash and standing up. “I like your outfit, too.”

Satsuki looked down at her white suit, complete with a pale blue shirt and gold epaulettes on her shoulders. She straightened her red tie and smiled at Nonon, opening the door for her, kissing her on the forehead as she exited the room. They linked arms as they walked to the Jakuzure’s grand ballroom.

The grand decorations almost hurt Nonon’s eyes as she looked around. She smiled as a few people approached them before Satsuki let go of their arm when they made it to the dance floor. The live musicians started to play a song that Nonon vaguely recognized. Nonon felt a tap on her shoulder, she turned around to see Satsuki holding her hand out.

“Would you like to dance?”

Nonon nodded nervously before taking Satsuki’s hand. Satsuki took in a deep breath, placing one hand on Nonon’s waist and taking one

of her hands. Nonon gripped Satsuki's shoulder and bit her lip as she blushed. A small chuckle escaped Satsuki's lips as she started to move.

Satsuki was graceful in her movements, her posture was perfect, and her steps were almost mechanical, Nonon followed Satsuki's lead, trying not to trip over her own feet. She could hear Satsuki mumbling the steps to herself, most likely unaware that she was heard. Nonon smiled at her fiancée and let out a small laugh. Satsuki's face turned bright red when she heard Nonon laugh.

"It's alright." Nonon whispered, leaning her head on Satsuki's shoulder.

"You're very light on your feet, Miss Jakuzure." Satsuki replied calmly, despite the redness in her cheeks.

"I had to take classes as a child."

"Didn't we all?"

Nonon laughed, glancing around at the other couples who were dancing around them. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Inumuta was dancing with Iori. It definitely made sense now. Satsuki seemed to understand what Nonon was looking at and nodded before pulling away when the song ended.

"You're a good dancer." Nonon murmured, leaning up and kissing the corner of Satsuki's mouth.

"Thank you." Satsuki replied, a small smirk forming. "I'd return the compliment, but we both know it's all in the leading."

"You're awful."

"I agree." Satsuki bent down and captured Nonon's lips before lowering her voice. "We should go somewhere private..."

“You read my mind.” Nonon murmured, kissing Satsuki’s lips again.
“I know just the place.”

Nonon looked around to make sure that no one was looking their way before taking Satsuki’s hand and leading her out through one of the doors and into an empty hallway. Satsuki glanced around the hall as she followed Nonon, commenting on a couple paintings in the hall as she did so. Nonon rolled her eyes and pulled Satsuki into a coat closet that was only used when their grandparents were over. Both sets of grandparents had been dead for over three years, the coat closet hadn’t been used since.

“Cozy.” Satsuki murmured, pushing Nonon against the wall and capturing her lips.

Nonon laughed and gripped the front of Satsuki’s lapels, pulling her closer and kissing her again. Satsuki’s eyes widened from the sudden motion, but she recovered quickly and gripped Nonon’s waist. A sigh escaped Nonon’s lips as she opened her mouth to allow Satsuki to explore further. She was hungry for Satsuki, there was no better way to describe how she felt.

Her left hand left Satsuki’s lapel and moved down her front and under her jacket, skillfully undoing them before her right hand pushed the jacket down her arms. Satsuki seemed to get the idea and shrugged off her jacket, pulling away a little to make sure it didn’t wrinkle when she hung it on the doorknob. A small chuckle escaped Nonon’s lips as she loosened Satsuki’s tie and unbuttoned the taller girl’s vest.

“You wear too many layers.” Nonon murmured, slipping her hands underneath Satsuki’s dress shirt.

“And you don’t wear enough.” Satsuki muttered, moving Nonon’s dress out of the way and nipping her neck lightly with her teeth.
“Though I am very thankful for high collared dresses.”

“As am I.” Nonon’s eyes rolled back as she tangled her hands in Satsuki’s hair. “Though, I’d be v-much more thankful i-if you didn’t leave a mark.”

Satsuki pulled away with a grin and nodded before pulling Nonon closer and kissing her roughly. “I’ll try to remember that in the future.”

“Don’t try.” Nonon murmured between kisses. “Do.”

Satsuki pulled away a few moments later, looking startled before buttoning her vest and tightening her tie. Before Nonon could ask what Satsuki was doing, she heard it. There were footsteps coming down the hall, loud ones. Nonon’s eyes widened and she straightened her dress to the best of her ability before helping Satsuki button her jacket and straightening her hair.

“Ar-“ Nonon was cut off by Satsuki’s cold hand on her mouth. Satsuki put a finger to her lips, her eyes focused on the door as the footsteps started to fade away.

A sigh escaped Satsuki’s lips as she slumped down and released Nonon’s mouth. “Oh thank god.”

“Who do you think it was?” Nonon asked as Satsuki started to fix her hair.

“Staff?” Satsuki replied quietly, pulling away and straightening her jacket. “How do I look?”

Nonon looked at Satsuki and smiled. “Like nothing happened.”

“You as well.” Satsuki opened the door and led Nonon into the hall. “We should get back to the party.”

“I suppose.”

Months passed and before Nonon knew it, snow was falling, the date of her wedding was approaching quickly. Though she found herself no longer dreading it anymore, which was definitely a positive aspect of her engagement. It hurt her pride a little to say, but Kiryuin Satsuki had stolen her heart.

After years of deciding that she would never wed Satsuki, Nonon was completely blindsided by her feelings for the Kiryuin heiress. Even when she was alone, Satsuki was the only thing on her mind. It almost alarmed her at the amount of time she spent thinking about Satsuki. Her smile, her intelligence, everything about her plagued Nonon's mind throughout the day.

It boggled Nonon's mind to think that Satsuki wanted to keep the nature of their relationship a secret until the wedding. She knew that it wasn't proper for young couples to act in the way that they do. Though it felt a little ridiculous for her and Satsuki to be engaged, yet they can't act too affectionately without being improper and 'disgracing the family name.' Though she's sure Satsuki was joking about the last part.

The night before her wedding, Nonon found herself feeling sick with nerves. She laid in her bed, trying not to panic. Satsuki was going to be her wife the next day. She was going to be married to Kiryuin Satsuki. It felt like a dream, like none of what had happened in the past four years was real. That Kiryuin Satsuki was merely a figment of her imagination.

She awoke to the sounds of someone knocking on her door. It was her mother, and apparently they had to hurry if they were going to make the deadline. Nonon didn't bother to tell her mother how much sense she wasn't making at that moment, it didn't matter if Nonon wasn't late. She was getting married, they would wait for her.

Her makeup was done at the same time some person she didn't know did her hair. Nonon watched her mother cry in the mirror and rolled her eyes. A small sigh escaped her lips as her mother sniffled before bawling again. It would make more sense for her to cry if her

daughter were getting married on her own terms, but this was an arranged marriage. It was stupid for her to cry before a wedding that she had planned since she was a baby.

“Mother, if you’re going to cry, you can leave.” Nonon grumbled as she was caked with blush.

“I-it’s al-alright.” Her mother whimpered, sniffing a little more. “Y-you just lo-ook so beautiful.”

“Mother, stop talking.” Nonon said, rolling her eyes.

She was rushed out to some other room where she was shoved into her wedding dress. Nonon grumbled at the white dress, she kind of wanted to spill something on it, though Iori had worked very hard on it. And it was beautiful. God she hated and loved that dress.

“You look amazing.” Nonon’s mother sobbed, gently placing her hands on each of Nonon’s shoulders to look at her properly. “I’ve been waiting for this day since you were born! This is exactly what I’d imagined.”

“Mother, please just shut up.” Nonon rolled her eyes, pushing her mother away. “You’ll get tear stains on my dress.”

“One day you’ll thank me and your father for this.” Her mother sighed, pressing a kiss to Nonon’s forehead. “Satsuki is perfect for you.”

Part of Nonon wanted to agree, but the prideful, more irritable part of her needed to say something else. “Perfect for our bank accounts.” She muttered, mentally high-fiving herself for that sick burn.

“You could have been engaged to someone much worse.”

“Satsuki is rather nice.”

“She’s perfect for you.”

“She also has great breeding.”

“Well you’ve seen her bone structure.”

Nonon looked at the floor and frowned a little. “I’m nervous.”

“I know you are.” Her mother sighed and kissed her cheek. “You’re going to be the prettiest girl in the building.”

“I don’t think you’ve seen Satsuki.” Nonon laughed, letting her mother kiss her cheek again.

“You’ll still be the most beautiful.” Her mother said, tears forming again. “Let’s get you to the church.”

“Okay.”

She was put into another limousine and driven to the church. It was a quiet ride, neither of them spoke at all, aside from her mother’s crying and Nonon’s irritated groans at her mother’s emotional weakness. Her stomach fell when she saw the church in the distance. Nonon furrowed her brow and gulped down the bile that formed in her throat. She’d really like to not vomit on her wedding day.

Everyone inside the church was bustling around and shouting about something. Nonon frowned as she was shoved into a random room and had her makeup touched up. There was a weird smell coming from the hallway, it was probably her father’s stupid cologne that he liked to wear for some stupid reason.

“You look beautiful.” Nonon’s father smiled as he entered the room. “I can’t wait to walk you down the aisle.”

“Well you have ten minutes.” Nonon rolled her eyes, allowing her father to kiss her forehead before scowling at how fat he’d gotten. “You’ve gotten so fat.”

“I love you too.” Her father sighed, stepping away.

“Your tie is stupid.” Nonon replied with a growl.

“Your mother picked it out.”

“It’s stupid and so is she.”

Her father looked at his watch. “It’s time.”

One of the wedding planners dragged the two of them to the aisle and situated the two of them before starting a count down. At five seconds, Nonon felt herself start to feel sick, at four she started gnawing on her bottom lip, at three she felt her hands start to sweat, at two she wanted to turn around and run away, and at one her father started walking. Nonon had to skip a few steps to catch up with him. She felt like she was going to cry.

The church was beautiful and white, looking like an extension of the Kiryuin mansion. There were pale pink flowers mixed among the white, making her eyes hurt slightly less than it potentially could have. All eyes were on her as she walked down the aisle, but Nonon was more focused on her feet and making sure she didn’t trip over herself.

Nonon looked up just in time to meet Satsuki’s eye and gasp. She hadn’t seen Satsuki in a dress since they were five, but she certainly looked beautiful. The dress hugged her curves perfectly, and Nonon found herself glancing between her face and her breasts. A part of her felt almost a little excited to marry Satsuki.

Her father let her go and walked away to sit down, leaving Nonon in front of Satsuki. She took the taller girl’s hands in her own and her throat suddenly felt dry. Satsuki offered Nonon a small smile.

“You look amazing.” She whispered, her pale skin turning slightly pink.

“So do you.” Nonon replied just as quietly. “Do you feel like you’re going to puke too?”

“I did this morning.”

“Wait really?”

“No, of course not.”

Satsuki turned to look at the priest, who had started talking. Nonon watched him talk, she felt a little bad for ignoring him, but his droning voice made her want to just kiss Satsuki and get the wedding over with.

He kept talking, but Nonon couldn't hear him at all. She could only think about her future, what if she didn't like Satsuki anymore? What if Satsuki didn't age well? What if she didn't age well and Satsuki stayed perfect? What if they never connected emotionally? Nonon felt like she was going to vomit.

She looked into Satsuki's eyes, almost melting a little under her gaze. Her eyes looked like an ocean again, and somehow Nonon felt a wave of calm wash over her. Nonon blinked twice and smiled at Satsuki, a soft smile that she had never used before. Satsuki looked down and took in a deep breath before glancing over at the guests.

They repeated the priest's vows, and Nonon felt like she was stuttering more than Satsuki had during their first meeting. She watched as Satsuki let out a light chuckle before speaking. She definitely repeated the vows better than Nonon had, which wasn't much of an accomplishment.

“Do you, Kiryuin Satsuki take Jakuzure Nonon to be your lawfully wedded bride?” The priest asked, looking over at Satsuki.

“I do.” She replied without hesitating.

“And do you, Jakuzure Nonon take Kiryuin Satsuki to be your lawfully wedded bride?” The priest turned to Nonon.

“I...” Nonon looked at Satsuki, whose face was tinted pink with a blush. Her nerves were calmed slightly by Satsuki’s small, encouraging smile. “I do.”

“Then with the power vested in me by God and the City of Honnouji, I pronounce you wife and wife.” The priest announced. “You may now kiss the bride.”

Satsuki cupped Nonon’s cheek and leaned down to give her a swift, sweet kiss. “It’s nice to see a plan come together, isn’t it?”